Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. VVho hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Granpeere.*

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

King. Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Pist. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man;
Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a *Welchman.*

Pist. A *Welchman*; knowst thou *Flewellen?*

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll.*

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist.

Pist. Pistoll is my name.

Enter Gower and

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*

Flew. In the name of Iesu
It is the greateſt folly in the
Prerogatiues of the warres
I warrant you, if you looke i
You ſhall finde no tittle tatt
But you ſhall finde the cares
And the ceremonies to be o

Gow. Why the enemy is lo

Flew. Godes ſollud, if the
And a prating cocks-comb
A foole, and a prating cock
In your conſcience now?

Gower. Ile ſpeake lower.

Flew. I beſeech you do, go

King. Though it appeare
Yet there's much care in thi

Enter thr

1. *Soul.* Is not that the mor

2. *Soul.* I, we ſee the begin
God knowes whether we ſh

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the
Vp to the necke in the midd
And ſo I would he were, at a

King. Now maſters good

3. *Soul.* Ifaith ſmall cheere
Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he

King. Nay ſay not ſo, he is
The Violet ſmels to him as
Therefore if he ſee reaſons,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute